

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rûmî

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 22

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin



A joint publication by the Ministry of Culture
and Tourism of the Republic of Turkey and
Echo Publications

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Volume 22

Bahr-i Remel Mahbun Meskuk

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî

Translated by
Nevit Oguz Ergin

Echo Publications
28 S. Norfolk Street
San Mateo, CA 94401
USA

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Copyright ©2003

by

Nevit Oguz Ergin

**All rights are reserved. With proper
acknowledgement, permission will be granted
for parts of this book to be reproduced by
others in their efforts to bring
Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi
to the attention of the general public.**

ISBN: 1-887991-24-7

**First Printing 2003
in the United States of America
in a joint publication
by
Turkish Republic
Ministry of Culture and Tourism**

**ISBN: 975-17-3093-7 (vol)
975-17-1505-9 (set)**

&

**Echo Publications
28 S. Norfolk Street
San Mateo, CA 94401
USA**

Introduction

Knowingly or unknowingly, we sense the existence of individuals who guide us with calls that carry warm messages. Although some of them were the luminaries of their time, few among them were able to leap over the centuries to steer and enrich humanity. Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi is one of the foremost front-runners of these few. He has been inviting everyone without discrimination of race, gender, color, or faith to goodness, truth and beauty.

His invitation, which is symbolized by his call "Come," keeps guiding hundreds of thousands who can't get themselves out of wars, stress, and lack of communication. It is not by chance that among the web pages, the ones that carry his name are some of the most popular ones.

He was a torch that illuminated the East for centuries. Extraordinary achievements in our time in communication give the West the possibility to discover him. I believe that in the coming years, interest for Mevlânâ will grow not only with the intellectuals, but it will spread throughout large segments of the population. The interest in Mevlânâ will first of all affect Cinema and the rest of the branches of the fine arts.

As a Ministry of Culture and Tourism, we are involved in an intense effort to present

Mevlânâ to the world. With that aim, we support the English translation of his works, and try to help other cultures recognize him. I believe his inspiration of mature love of humanity, peace and tolerance will reach a much larger population, and that his light will keep leading humanity.

**Erkan MUMCU
Minister of Culture and Tourism
Republic of Turkey**

Translator's Notes

There is an inherent danger of Rumi's poems. They dazzle the eyes with their poetic beauty, so that one cannot see their prophetic meanings.

His books have an undeniable sacred value for some people. I am certainly one of them. I believe early exposure of young minds to his concepts of unselfishness, tolerance and love will not only solve the present national/international problems, but also prevent future catastrophes.

We have no other choice. He is the most respected moderator in front of the somber, hateful, religious dogmatists and social bigots. For everybody's sake, let's give him a chance.

Nevit O.Ergin

Acknowledgements

I would like to express my special gratitude to Mrs. Vicki Barefoot-Gersh in her saintly patience and endless energy in preparing the manuscript in a very short time.

I am grateful for the help I received from the Ministry of Culture and Tourism of Turkey, Mr. Latif Mutlu, Edmond Gorginian and Cengiz Ergin. Without their support, this book wouldn't be in existence.

1.

Verse 1

Go, bring our Beloved.
Bring to me that fugitive beauty.

Attract that beautiful face to home
With sweet melodies and
Golden excuses.

If he resists and promises,
“I’ll come later,”
Don’t believe him.
His words are all lies.
He deceives you.

He has a warm breath.
In sorcery,
He ties a knot in the water.
He ties the air.

Once my beautiful Beloved comes with joy,
You sit and watch
God’s amazing things reflected on him.

What are the beauties of the beautiful
When his beauty shines?
Sun would extinguish all his candles
When he lets the lights go from his face.

Go, O my galloping heart,
Go to Yemen.

Carry my greeting to that peerless agate.
Give my respects.



2.

Verse 8

When Soul pulled me
From heaven down to the dungeon,
I lost my place
At the vicinity of God's door.

Then I became friendly
With a moon in the dungeon.
He is such a moon that
His desire sent a thousand loves
To my mind.

Everyone looks for a way
To get out of the jail and trouble.
I don't.
Why should I go out?
Beloved is here.

I won't be able to be alone with him
Anywhere but this dungeon.
Heart of honey could only be purified
With the fire.

I look around,
Then I look at him,
As utterly confused.
In one look I want this.
In the other, I want that.

The one who became friend to Joseph

Doesn't attempt to escape from jail.
The one who has a garden
And orchard in the dungeon
Won't leave, especially if he found Joseph.

A person desires such a sugar cane field.
Run fast to the dungeon.

I have heard this from stars.
If anyone sees moonlight,
He will tell us.

If you find a pearl like that,
You will step and jump over seven oceans
And show miracles.

But neither moon nor star knows
The Beauty of whom all souls are jealous.
When His moon rises,
It burns the hearts.

I am ashamed to praise Your face.
I close my mouth.
How much water could the water carrier
Carry from the sea?



3.

Verse 19

The rose of this green place wouldn't wilt
Till the Day of Resurrection.
He is such a beauty that
Both worlds would be sacrificed to him.

Master of beauty is going
To hunt in early dawn.
Our hearts would be prey
To his arrow-like flame.

Every moment,
Different news comes from
His eyes to mine.
These messages make my eyes
Brighter and happier.

When I broke the door of devoutness,
He cursed me by saying,
"I wish all your life will pass
With indecision."

After that praying, I met a beloved.
Neither decision nor my heart remained.
God would help.
He is thirsty for my blood.

My body resembles the moon,
Melting down with love.
My heart is like the harp of Venus.

Its strings were broken.

Don't look at the melting moon.
Don't worry if Venus's harp
Has broken strings.
You enjoy the pleasure of this sorrow.
I wish one becomes a thousand.

There is a bride inside of the soul.
She is such a beautiful bride.
When the gleam of her face
Reflects to the earth,
The earth rejuvenates and becomes
As fresh as the hands of new brides.

Don't look at the cheek of the body
That has been wrinkled and flaccid.
Look at the soul's nice pink cheek.

This dark body looks like a raven.
This soul is like winter.
Inside of these two uglies,
The soul will find an eternal spring.

Four elements have been created
By the energies of those two things.
I wish the vigor of this slave
Would come from different sources.



4.

Verse 30

If morning wine didn't affect you,
Drink my wine.
Really my wine is like Resurrection.

The first glass would put you
In different places,
Show you so many things.
We'll ask God's mercy
From the second glass.
How can I tell you about the third one?

Neither sorrow nor work remains.
Everyone fell on the ground.
After that, where will this wine lead you?
Only God knows.

You are enslaved by the color and smell
Resembling the stone
And the picture on the stone.
Gush out from the rock like spring water.

O, kind Cupbearer,
Offer this red-color wine that
I become such that
I will talk about You without refrain.

Offer that big cup to Your own slave,
Then watch how this drunkenness
Will make my glance lost in Your Glory.

I am looking at the place where
You turned into a river
And let me flow.
That river came from the sea and
Will keep running back to the sea.



5.

Verse 37

○, the great Master of the world,
The One who became full moon
To the earth,
“Burak”¹ came to the door.
Don’t sit. Don’t sleep tonight.
“When you finished your work,”²
Get ready. Start the journey.

The road was closed.
Desperation was around.
Now, ascend to the sky.
Open the way to the sky.

When the Master of the “Read”³ order
Opens His lips for prayer,
The sky opens thousands of doors at once.

The pearl that deserves only sultans
Glittered.
Dive to the sea like fish.
If He asks you, “What do you want?”
Say, “I want You. I want You.”

When I heard Your whistle,
I made my head as feet, like a pen.
I ran. I reached Your heart.
What do I care about
The headache of the body?

After hearing the greetings of people,
You may give up the majesty.
Your greeting would cleanse
My heart and soul.

After the hand of such a cupbearer,
From the breath of such talkers,
It would be surprising
If a well-mannered heart is
Left in this world.

He has grown and matured
By the generosities of God,
Gave up crying and pleading.
He was annihilated by the torch,
"I am God."⁴

Stop this water draining to earth.
You are the soul of the sun.
Soul mixed with dirt
Can't be pure and clean anymore.

I recite Salavat⁵ to You so that
I will get closer to You.
Once a small piece
Gets close to the "whole,"
It is considered that
He is a friend of the "whole."

By the blow of the trumpet,
I see the resurrection of the
Last days of both worlds.
There is a quake in the land of soul.

The world of body has the judgment.

Don't even try to talk.

Light comes from the heart,

Not from the word.

Your leg will get the skill

By running and going there.

Tail only sees the back of the fox.



6.

Verse 49

Why did you stop now?
All the caravans are gone.
Camels are looking at each other,
Asking, "Is the caravan master dead?"

Don't look at your right and left,
Searching for caravans.
They are all gone to the sky
Just like shadows after the sun.

Didn't you come from
The land of Absence?
Whatever you have,
It all came from there.
How come your heart
Doesn't register?
You are slowly, surely going there.

You played around all day long
Like a child.
Home didn't come to your mind
One moment.
Now is the time to return home.
You are scared, but
You will be pulled and dragged.

You may as well smile
Because you are heading
Toward God.

His kindness
Doesn't allow you
To fear and to doubt
About Him.



7.

Verse 54

I have tried everyone,
But I couldn't find anyone
Who is better than you.
I dived into the sea,
But I couldn't find any pearl
Better than you.

I opened the tops of jars,
Tasted a thousand different wines,
But I haven't found a wine that
Tastes as good as your wine.

How amazing it is that
Rose and jasmine
Inside of my heart are smiling
Because the jasmine-like beauty is
Coming to my arm.

I put my wish two or three days
After your image,
Then all of my wishes are granted by God.

You are such a Sultan that
After serving you two or three days,
The rest of the sultans on earth
Became my slaves and servants.

My mind said,
"Because he didn't come to you as a guest,

Why do you sit still
Like your leg is broken?
Get up and fly toward
The Guest of the sky.”

The pigeon of my heart left my body and
Flew toward its roof.
I started to yell,
“My pigeon left and
Will never come back!”

I took off behind my heart's pigeon
Like a falcon.
I ascended so high that
Neither the bird of fortune nor
The phoenix could reach me.

Go, O confused body, O regretful heart.
Go away.
If I won't free myself from them
I won't get another heart.



8.

Verse 63

Lovers, keep working hard.
When you are free from soul and flesh,
Your heart will be free from
The heavy burden of the body
And fly to the sky.

Wash the heart and soul
With the water of wisdom.
Purify from dirt and dust so that
Your eyes won't stay on this earth.

Whatever there is in this world,
Love is the Soul of it all.
Everything dies out except Love.
Love is the only one that remains.

Your absence resembles the east.
Your existence is the west.
But this east and west are
In the different sky.
This sky is temporary.

You have a sky inside of you.
Use the wing of love to fly to that sky.
When this wing becomes strong,
You don't need the ladder.

Don't look at the outside world.
There is another world

Inside of your eye.
If you close your eye,
Nothing remains.
The outside world disappears.

Your heart is like a flat roof.
Senses are the gutters.
When you have no gutter,
You can drink water at the roof.

Read the whole poem in your heart.
Don't look at my tongue and lips,
Because neither one will remain.

Human's body is a bow.
His breath and his words are an arrow.
When the arrow and quiver are gone,
The bow can't do anything.



9.

Verse 72

You are Hizir⁶ who extends the life
And closes the door of death
Which eats and digests everything.

When you look at the lofty sky,
A thousands doors of compassion
Open from Heaven.

When your shadow casts over the guilty,
Their guilt becomes contrition and prayer.

When the Prophet's horse turned
To the side of forgiveness,
Thousands of Ebu-Leheb became beautiful,
Started imploring earnestly.

When your hand resembles the sea
And scatters pearls,
My pale face brings gold,
Puts it next to your golden scissors.

Your palm is like a boat.
You are the coast of Majesty.
It wouldn't be a surprise if
A grain in your hand
Became our share.

Thousands of souls and eyes
Have been on a journey.

They pulled their reins
Because of the brightness.
They quit wondering when
The time of Union would come.

All the poison of the religions and world
Turns into sugar and honey juice
Because of you.
The sorrows and troubles of
Broken hearts
Change to sweet caresses
Because of you.

Everyone's heart tries to grab your skirt.
But they don't know that
The gazelle should turn around the lion
With great caution.

When you closed the door of Union,
When you entered the land of Absence,
Then the door you closed
Won't be opened again.

Be silent. Quit talking.
Know this well.
There is nothing beside God.
If you deal with nothing,
Your work gets better in every way.



1 O.

Verse 83

You are such a green garden that
All the roses run for shelter there.
There is no autumn.
Roses won't wither there.

You are a tree that walks
Nicely at the valley.
Whoever sleeps in the shade of this tree
Will wake up drunk.

You are such a Sky who resembles the sky
All souls try to reach there.
Only Saturn couldn't come to that sky
To fight with Venus.

You are a pearl, a beautiful mine.
You are from the land of Absence.
When tears come from eyes,
That is the sign of His love.
O Heart,
Those tears fell from His love.



1 1.

Verse 87

○ Beauty, Your army of Love
Came to surrender the heart.
Go through this way.
The world has a riot.

Your narcissus eyes,
Your sweet ruby-colored lips,
Especially your ambergris smell
And black hair,
Ruined the profit of ambergris.

For your beauty that
Resembles the tiger,
For your jealousy that
Resembles the alligator,
For your gaze that is equivalent to
A thousand armies,
I vow.

I vow for your beautiful heart.
You are nice, charming, and kind.
In fact, Heart will be able to survive
With your blessing,
As long as it stays as heart.

Even Abraham who destroyed idols
All year
Is making idols now,
Day and night,

Like your image.

Don't ask Majnun's condition.
Even Leyla has left him.
Don't ask about Azer.⁷
Even Abraham became Azer.

When Jesus of your beauty
Comes next to Azer's grave,
Show the people how to bring
The dead to life.

The brand that your love puts
Is so beautiful.
The soul will be saved from
The tithe and tribute.

Look at the Soul
Mounted on a horse,
Not at the horse,
Which is nothing but a pile of dust.
The dust looks so beautiful
Because of the rider.

O Heart, look at the world
Behind the cage made by mud.
There are a thousand things worthy
To see and watch.

There are two or three verses left.
You tell them,
You say better.

**Heart and chest have grown green
From the clouds of your words.**



1 2.

Verse 98

That Sultan of Beauty
Came to our room in early dawn.
He came with a jar and cup
Like the cupbearer.

Neither I saw his jar
Nor did I taste from his cup,
But a thousand waves of wine
Covered my head and my brain.

My mind and my thought grew
Countless wings.
Some resemble the sun.
Others are like the moon and stars.

I have looked at his face
With joy and happiness.
Since then, my eyes are tired and bored
From both worlds.



13.

Verse 102

Give up the cruelty, O Beautiful.
This doesn't go with kindness
And generosity.
See the sorrow that has no remedy.
Be a cure for that.

My glass has fallen from the sky.
I plunged into the bottomless sea.
In this sea, I have nobody but You.

I used to hear the news that I waited for
From the morning breeze.
I became such a shape from your sorrow,
My heart doesn't recognize
The morning breeze.

I vow for my pale, gold-color face
And your silver body that
He will go after gold
Because he doesn't have
A charmer like you.

O Cupbearer, be quick. Close that door.
Whoever comes, tell them,
"We have nothing to do with you."
Get rid of them.

I vow the faithfulness of the beauty
Who has no loyalty in his heart,

There isn't any moment during the life
More joyful and blessed than this moment.

What will be happier and
More cheerful than this?
You are the Soul. You are the Universe.
They say there is no end of the Universe.
No concern for lovers.

We will go drunk to the room of the
Sugar-lip beloved tonight.
One who doesn't have a caftan
Is not scared of the thief
Who steals a dress.

If there is no secret magic
On the face of this beauty,
How come this earth becomes gold
At the time of Union?

If the dust and dirt of his neighborhood
Haven't had an effect like salve,
How come the eyes of idiots
Become so bright with the Beloved?

I remain silent.
You convey my greeting and my respect.
What else could one, who doesn't have
Anything but prey in his hand,
Do?



14.

Verse 113

○ sugar-lip Beauty,
The month of fasting came,
Neither for embracing
Nor for anything else,
Only time for kissing.

Quit eating and drinking.
Sit and watch thousands
Of dry lips and the thirsty
Around the river of Kevser.⁸

If fasting is fire,
Look at the pure clear water,
Not the pitcher.

Sultan of fasting smiles
When the old woman cries.
The light of candle becomes brighter
When the candle melts.

Lovers' faces wither and change to pale,
But the face of the mind and soul blushes.
Don't look outside of the bottle.
See inside of the glass.

They are drunk.
They forget Ramadan.⁹
We went and knocked at
The door of our cupbearer.

When he saw us drunk
He bit his hands and shook his head
Like he saw Mahsher.¹⁰

In the meantime, he said,
"You are drunk, charming,
Worshipping the wine.
Who told you that
Sugar breaks fasting?"

"When sugar comes from Jesus's lips,
The dead come to life in such a way that
Münker's and Nekir's¹¹ mouths stay open
With pleasure."

If you fall down to the ground,
If you are drunk,
Come to me. You are mine.
If you are deprived from the Beloved,
Hear sad words from me.

Your body is the curtain, the majesty.
There are thousands of paradises
Behind that curtain.
There are sugars,
And moon-face beauty there.
They are all clean as the moon.

O sweet voice player,
Send the melodies to the stars
Because our Sultan returned
From hunting, happy and successful.

Every morning is Bairam
Because of You.
Every night is Kadir's night¹²
Because of You.
But this is the Kadir's night
That comes once a year.

You do the talking
Because You are Soul.
Tell the stories of the Sky.
Your words are clear,
Not mine.



15.

Verse 127

You hunt all the game.
Hunt once more, O my Master.
Set free Your dog that
It will bring You another game.

You swallowed all the waves,
Finished all the work,
But don't sit down.
One more business is left.

You count all your money,
Gave it to your safety man.
Hear another news from
This accountant.

You embraced lots of silver-body beauties.
Open your arms once more.
Embrace another beauty.

How happy to that gambler that
After losing all his money
He would have nothing remaining except
The desire to gamble once more.

You don't know anyone but Him
In life and death.
You are not a prostitute
Who is taking a different customer
Every night.

His eyes look at everyone like narcissus.
He gets different pleasure,
Different drunkenness from everyone.

The one who spends his life
In the arms of two beloveds
Wastes his life,
Especially if You don't show Your face,
If he trusts others.

Because even Chinese beauties
Harvest His corn.
For the bird of Soul
There is no other air but His.



16.

Verse 136

Even if your Beloved is a fire,
Jump into it. Keep burning.
At the night of separation,
Burn like a candle,
And melt.

Don't be contrary. Make peace.
Blend in friendship.
If they rip off your dress,
Keep sewing the dress of Union.

A divine sema appears in
The soul and body
At the time of peace and Union.
Learn this from
Rebab, tambourine, shrill pipe
And singer.

If one out of twenty-one musicians
Starts playing a different tune,
The rest of them lose their way
Because fighting and obstinacy
Become their guide.

"Everybody is fighting.
What's the use of my reconciliation?"
Don't say.
You are not one. You are thousands.
Burn like a candle all by yourself.

Illuminate everywhere.

Because one lit candle

Is better than a thousand dead.

One nice, tall, slender body is better than

A thousand ugly ones.



17.

Verse 142

I become cumin seeds¹³ to Your beauty.
My place and my home are
In the middle of the fire.
Since this is Your arrow,
Your slave will stretch this fiery bow.

When the soul of the lover gets hurt, burns,
He appears through the Beloved.
Whoever burns in the fire
Becomes Soul to the fire.

My heart is branded by Your fire.
Don't burn anyone else.
See the wound Your sword of fire
Opened on my chest.

If the sparks of fire
Jump over an already burned one,
He will find nothing but fire.

The sorrows of love are like fire.
Make me like dry wood.
Dry wood is only worthy for burning.

How happy is that person that
His jasmine grows with Your fire,
So does his rose.
Only Abraham knows
The language of the fire.

His Abraham rides the fire like smoke
Because he is like Malik.¹⁴
The rein of fire is in his hand.

My soul heard the call of His love
In early morning.
He was saying,
“Jump out from this world’s fire.
Come to Our fire.”

My heart that resembles the oven, and
My mouth which is full of fire
Are asking me,
“How long will we talk through
The language of fire?
How long will we be telling about
Burning and being burned?”



18.

Verse 151

○ firmament, tell me,
How long will I be complaining
About the Beloved?
Am I not going to have a night that
I will talk about work and business?

Because of His pass in the mountain ridge,
I became stranded between mountains.
I would get out from this impasse and
Talk a little about the coast and nook.

While I was yearning to His rose garden,
I fell into trials of the thorn.
If I would be free from the thorn
Like the rose,
I would talk about face and cheek.

Sounds of crow and raven are coming
From the ruins of January.
I should go to the violet's garden and
Talk about the color of the tulip.

When the Beloved comes,
My heart pulls his skirt because of pride.
When I start talking about "waiting,"
My glance rips its collar with impatience.

If I tell about my drunkenness,
That big jar takes its hat off from the top

**And the cupbearer gets up
From his love and pity.**



19.

Verse 157

I have such an aspiration in my head.
Perhaps it is not a human's head.
I am in such a situation that
I am not aware of myself.

The Sultan of Love offers
Thousands of gifts.
All I want is to see His face.

Who cares if lost my hat and my belt?
The belt of His love and His hat are
Enough for me in both worlds.

His love caught my wounded heart
At dawn,
Took it away to such places that
I gave up the morning, evening
And early dawn.

The soul has started a journey
To the world of meanings.
It is such a journey that
Neither sky nor moon is aware of it.

My eyes are scattering pearls
Because of His separation.
But don't ever think that
He didn't give me a heart full of pearls.

I have such a nice confectioner.
He keeps selling me sugar.
There isn't a single day that
He has refused to sell me sugar.

I would show a trace of His beauty,
But people fall out with each other.
I don't have time for that confusion.

O Tebriz, I made an oath.
If Shamseddin comes,
I will give my head for gratitude.
I don't have anything
Besides my head.



20.

Verse 166

“I can’t stand you anymore,” you said.
You are tired of me.
“O Beauty, why are you in a hurry?
What is this rush? You killed me.”

You are the head. You are the master.
You don’t listen to anyone’s advice.
O Beautiful, how fast do you hear?
I have been ruined
Because of your sharp ear.

I wish you would make peace with me.
You don’t rush. You don’t run away.
Since the Beloved took my water
And has gone,
My heart can’t perform namaz.¹⁵

Why do you love so much separation?
How easily do you get bored?
The trouble is,
I don’t enjoy drinking wine
From any cupbearer but you.

I wish that you would give
Me a break sometime,
Neither roast nor skewer would be burned.

I worry that the moon leaves
That room suddenly

When my sun is hidden.
I run like a cloud after him.

I am a small, worthless particle.
What would I do if my sun doesn't rise?

Earth would accept
Any rain that comes from the sky.
I would endure whatever you do.
What else can I do?

You can find me and someone like me
Among the dirt on the world.
But I can't find someone like you
If I look with a lamp.

I have a life, a breath long,
Enough to prostrate in front of you.
Beloved, in fact, my accepted prayers are
The ones I pray in front of you.

"Wash your heart from the earthlies,"
You say.
How could I do that?
Your separation took all my water
And torrent away.

O Beautiful, I may be worthless,
But there are not so many like me.
Sacrificing the heart,
I turned into kebab.
Because of the jealousy of my heart
With my tears, I turned into a cloud.

You are my morning wine in early dawn.
My gain is you in the journey.
You are the paradise for my good deeds.
You are God's rewards to my prayers.

You are as obstinate as Ebu-Bekir¹⁶
Who plays rebab.
Yet, I am the hurt one. I cry like rebab.

Aren't you the one
Who answers so sweetly?
How come you can't answer me?
Or, do you think I am stupid?
That's why you answer me with silence?



21.

Verse 181

Since I am the slave of the Sun,
I should talk only about the Sun.
I am neither the night
Nor worship the night.
Why should I talk about dream?

Since I am the envoy of the Sun,
I should ask him your question secretly,
And relate the answer to you.

Since I am like the Sun,
To illuminate the Universe
I should brighten the ruins and
Stay away from the built areas.
I should tell broken stories.

I am a wretched apple but
Greater than my tree.
I am drunk, fallen to the ground,
But I am telling the truth.

My heart smelled the scent of
His village's soil.
I would be ashamed
If I talked about water.

Lift the veil from your face.
You have an auspicious face.
Don't let me talk with you

Through the curtain.

When my heart turns into stone,
I am in fire like iron.
When I become thin,
Glassy, and beautiful,
I talk about glass, and
Mention wine.

I talk about the beauty of the red tulip
With my saffron-color face.
I would tell the story of the cloud
With the streams coming from my eyes.

Since I was born from the Sun
I vow to God, I am Keykubad.¹⁷
Neither I rise at night
Nor talk about moonlight.

When the instigator asks my situation,
I would be scared saying,
"Thanks, God."
Instead I start complaining,
And tell him about sorrow
And suffering.

How could I talk with my Rafizi¹⁸
About Beni-Kuafe?¹⁹
How could I explain the sorrow of
Ebu-Turab²⁰ to Harici?²¹

When the rebab starts to cry for him,
I fall on my face like Kemence.²²

**When the preacher starts a sermon,
I talk about that matter.**

**I quit talking.
I remain silent,
Because I have a heart
That has been burned.
If I talk, it may burn you.**



22.

Verse 194

I have been trying to dress
A naked one, day and night.
If you hear a new news,
I probably said it when I was drunk.
Otherwise, I have no idea.

I have been trying to dress
A naked one, day and night.
I am not a salesman
Who's trying to set up a new store.

There is a drunk who
Has a flag in his hand,
Two thousand other drunks after him.
They run in the street yelling,
"We are the drunks of the Sultan."

With which nail should I nail him?
He opens all the locks and bonds.
How can I hunt here?
I have been hunted by this prey.

That size of drum
Cannot be hidden under the rug.
Sparks of moonlight
Keep telling,
"I am in this dust,"

Just like a camel that climbs

To the top of the minaret, and
Tries to hide itself there.

Lover is like the camel.
Love is that minaret.
All minarets will be demolished.
The one that remains is my minaret.

Regardless of how hard
You try to conceal the rose underground,
When spring comes, it will raise its head
Saying, "I am that moon-faced one."

Since you open the top of the jar,
Offer our share.
Make that glass turn around.
I am slave, servant of that turn.

O my Soul, all sleeves and collars
Are ripped
Because of your collar and sleeves.
O my Spirit, I tremble like a leaf
For your apple.
I have neither peace nor decision.

Do a favor to everyone.
Change them to soul.
Offer generously this wine.
Rejuvenate everyone.

Rip all the curtains.
O Essence of my essence,
Make the tied heart to fly.

You are my place to fly and to land.

I vow God that a
Good day's dawn comes earlier.
Its sun rose to my lap of Union.

Be silent. Be silent.
Rose and carnation garden
Would tell the story of the rose
Because my spring has arrived.



23.

Verse 207

I made an oath a thousand times.
I said, "I shouldn't scratch
The head of insanity."
I broke my promise because of you.
But I came back again with you.

I got the urge to earn more.
I said, "I would go and buy more wheat,
And sow the ground."

Earthly affairs are all arranged
By the hand of Absence.
Even knowing that,
I fell in so many greeds,
Got involved in many businesses.

If fate wants to make one a laughingstock,
He makes him as a lame dog,
Then orders, "Run. Fetch my prey."

But when he feels sorry for one,
He says, "Sit down.
Put your wishes next to mine.
Give up desire and expectation.

"If you want to hunt,
I'll find you the best game.
I'll scatter the prey of soul
As a gift to you.

“Neither my trap bores you
Nor has my glass any evil.
There is no one equal to my beauty.
I am such a friend that has no peers.”

Be silent.
If I talk, praise him more.
My heart’s pigeon will fly over there.

Shams of Tebriz made the star shine.
His sun-like face gleams
At the top of the green dome.



24.

Verse 216

Godja became my witness.
I vow not to vow again.
The glass of the vow is broken
When I drink love's wine.

I made a vow for your peerless beauty,
Your wine that defeats and ruins the lions.
I won't even get close to the repentance.

I vow to your sweet lips,
Your heart that knows secrets,
Neither am I fond of the world
Nor obliged to the red and yellow.

I vow to your sun-like face, and
The value of your words that
I am a thousand years beyond
The hot and cold of this world.

I vow to your mind that
Resembles a dark chestnut-color horse,
Your emblem that offers Soul.
Nobody knows
What kind of man I am
But You.

I vow the blessedness of your morning
And the uproar that comes
After morning wine.

I would roll the sky before I go.

O immortal Sultan, tell the cupbearer,
If someone comes to assembly
With a sour face
He should serve him the sedimented wine
Of my sorrow.

That way, duality disappears,
So does the difference of old and new.
Because at the place of drinking,
I am separated from the crowd.
I am all by myself.

The cupbearer would offer that wine
So much that
That person becomes drunk.
He becomes a lover.
That way, he won't be bothered by
Either the echo of my voice
Or my cool reception.

When he becomes like that
Neither self nor envy remains with him.
He comes to my playground
Pure and clean.

He does fly over the time,
Frees himself from trap and bait.
He turns himself into a witness
At this gambling place
Without quarrel.

He goes to the play
With a clean heart like Venus.
He submits himself to the fate
Like a dice,
Neither says I won nor I lost.

I will remain silent from now on,
Become ear and mind.
I am neither nightingale nor parrot.
I am sugar.
I am a rose sapling.



25.

Verse 229

I felt the enemy's nonsensical talk
Down deep in my heart.
I learned his thoughts about me.

His dog bit my foot, hurt me,
But I could not bite him back like a dog.
I bit my lips.

I have reached the secret of mind reading.
Why should I brag if
I learned his secret?

I am the one who should be blamed.
I brought and put the scorpion
Next to my feet, knowingly.

Just like Satan,
He also sees only the shape of the human.
I vow God that
This Satan doesn't see me.

Why did I turn my back to the people?
Tell the friends,
Since the snake bit my leg,
I am scared of black rope.

I entered from the secret road
To the hearts of
The ones who remain in silence

While their lips and eyes are closed.

There is a hidden road
Between the hearts.
I did go through that road,
Gathered gold and silver
From the treasure of hearts.

I threw the carcass of a dead donkey
To the heart that resembles a stokehole.
Yet, I picked roses and jasmine
From the heart that resembles
A rose garden.

I only hint at the goodness or badness
Of the friends,
But I covered my words,
Concealed them with the best curtain.

My heart suddenly reached
The Greatest of great Heart,
Who knew everything.
My heart then started to flutter
In front of the Majesty.

Since you are happy as you are,
Why did you come to me?
Go away.
I am neither sheikh
Nor disciple.

For you, O Brother,
I am neither copper nor red gold.

Throw me out of your door.
I am neither the lock nor the key.

Even better,
Forget what I did say.
If I thought before,
I wouldn't bother.



26.

Verse 243

J merely get half drunk.
Give one more glass.
Since you have a good friend,
Give up the goodness and badness.

Who is crying from the sorrow?
Who is naked?
Don't even bother.
You are not guardian of anyone.
Sit down. Mind your own business.

Taste the wine.
Listen to the sound of the ney and harp.
If you have to look at someone,
Watch the cypress-stature Beloved.

When your heart wants sugar
From the lips, sell sugar.
Beg like Abbas-i Debs.²³

I am not fond of raisins and walnuts.
I am not a child.
Throw your raisins and walnuts
To the garbage.

The beautiful Teberzed sugar²⁴ is
Worth a thousand souls.
If you have to be greedy,
Be greedy for that sugar.

Go to the Beauty who scatters sugar.
Gather sugar from His lips.
Search the lucky moment
Of the moon face
With the conjunction of your planet,
Like an astronomer.

Since the month of fasting came,
Don't talk about the bowl or jar.
From now on, enjoy the pitcher
Of Eternity.
Get drunk from that pitcher.

If the bride of soul becomes drunk,
Comes to the village of existence,
Serve her food from that plate.
Make a veil from mind and intelligence and
Cover her face.

You are tired from the words.
"No one is confident here," you say.
In that case, hurry up and
Cover the mirror of explanation
With a woolen cloth.



27.

Verse 253

○ Beauty,
For the sake of Your charming eyes,
Look out of the corner of Your eye.
Revive with Your glance
The one You threw to the ground.

Heart and soul are Your martyr
In the grave of the body.
Come, visit these martyrs.

You came suddenly like Joseph.
All the people in Egypt cut their hands.
Show Your face. Take the heart and Soul.
Make this trade-in.

If You made an oath to stay there,
Or if You decided to torment me here,
Break Your oath, please,
Give a kefare²⁵.

Don't say, "What would I gain from that?"
Give us the benefit of pleading and begging.
Why don't You lose a little bit?

Change saffron-like face
To the rose, to the tulip.
Turn two or three drops of blood
Into a heart filled full of happiness.

Fortune is Your slave, Your servant.
It is under Your control.
Be our envoy between the fortune and us,
O my Sultan.

Our sins are like pieces of straw
In front of the mountain of Your tolerance.
Look at our mountain of sin
With that eye.

Our body was two drops of blood,
Grew, and became human.
Change our bad disposition to good.

The souls left the land of Soul.
They got stuck in this mud.
Free them from this muddy battleground.

I vow, I won't use the letter of alphabet.
Open Your banner of a new way
Of talking to the listener
With words filled with meaning.

You are Sultan Shamseddin of Tebriz.
Show your light.
Make Tebriz the home of
Views of the heart and Soul.



28.

Verse 265

☉ Beautiful, offer wine,
Cure the drunkenness
Of the drunks with
The love that is reflected
On Your face.

Bring the aged wine,
Serve at early dawn so
Roses will be scattered around.
Even the sky becomes exuberant,
By the wine of drunks.

Offer the firmness of those souls.
Rose and tulip garden of souls
Fill the drunk's mouth with sugar.

Pick up a glass.
Give the hand of sugar lips.
Do a favor.
Wash the drunks
With the water of mercy.

O my Beautiful,
Soul and Heart are Your slaves.
Take the will and
Decision of drunks
With the beautiful wine
In Your hand.

When Your tulip-color wine
Hits the head,
Even the red rose feels shame
Because of the face of the drunk.

When wine puts the center and
Sides of the gathering in order,
Zulfekar of drunks cuts the
Neck of sorrow.

O Beautiful,
You are our daylight.
You are the One who burns
Our grief and our troubles.
O Exalted Beauty,
You are the One
Who puts the drunks' lives on order.

Pull the lions by their ears.
Make a caravan of them
Like camels.
You are such God's brave one that
You control lions.
The reins of drunks are
In Your hand.

You are a charmer, a sweet disposition,
Have a glass made by agate.
You have amazing traps to deceive
The drunks.

O my Beauty,
There is a world left unspoken from Soul,

**Don't you know?
Even the cupbearers are
Jealous of you.
You are the master and
Pride of the drunks.**



29.

Verse 276

Twist the ear of berbad.²⁶
He is very lazy.
Split the head of drunkenness
Because He split so many heads.

Play a brand new tune
With the joy of red glass.
He is such a shell that
Measures oceans and
Gives pearls to the hand.

Since that jasmine body
Entered the house,
It is better to close the door
Because the other day, he deceived,
And escaped from the house.

He is such a charmer,
Such a calamity,
Has beautiful excuses,
Manages to take a thousand drunks'
Belts off of their waists.

We have a foot made by fire
In order to go there drunk.
Since he is at home now,
You go first, and watch him.

My Beautiful doesn't look at anyone

But the mirror.
He became an idol worshipper by
Keeping watch of
His own face.

Come, O Cupbearer,
Serve another cup from red wine.
The head that became His drunk
Is saved from an unlikely dream.

Neither am I sad,
Nor do I praise the sorrow.
I am free from daily anxieties,
Friend of the One
Who closes and locks
The door of the blame.

You are very drunk,
But wake up.
Give another glass.
I know, it runs away
A thousand times.
But, still don't break the bottle.

Offer such a glass to my soul that
It will take me up to the sky.
I don't give my soul to
The hand of thoughts.
That pulls me down.

Talk neither about good nor evil.
Accept your own glass.
Let Him say good and evil.

**He is the One.
Evil ones take shelter.**



30.

Verse 287

○ Beautiful, give us a little
From what You drink.
Serve Your sorrow with
A few drops of joy.

Your grief eats us,
Throws us to the floor.
Punish the sorrow and grief with
The wine that adds joy to the joys.

Give the wine of the sky that
God offered secretly.
Serve to the friend quietly
Behind the enemies.

Stop all the fights.
Play the harp.
Give melodies from Iraq--Isfahan.²⁷

Since You opened the top of the jar,
Thousands of thirsty drunks are coming
With glasses and pitchers.

O Beautiful,
Look at the fall season.
See all the naked ones.
Give the caftans made
By satin-like wine.

Old people sit,
Watching the young.
Give a staff made by young wine.
They will get up and walk.

You are the Sultan, have own wine.
If you want Soul wine,
Go ask by crying and wailing
From Selahaddin.



31.

Verse 295

Ivow God that
If you don't open your mouth,
If you don't move,
Nobody will be able to do anything.

Specially, O Hodja,
When he rides his horse
And comes to the front,
Be a ground under his feet.
Don't turn the horse's head.
You are not head. You are feet.

When you feel yourself as a tail,
Became a head then.
But if you try to be head,
You are tails.
Know this well.

Escape from this world.
Give up its showy,
Frippery appearances.
If you become your own
Sight and façade,
Why should you depend on the world?

See, God has given a
Hundred faiths to humans.
Why are people of Merv²⁸ Sunni,
But people of Kunnuha²⁹ are Rafizi?³⁰

Send the words and body
To the Absolute Sight.
It is better to have a glance than to
Yell and cry all the time.



32.

Verse 301

○ Beautiful,
You reminded me
Of old love.
A breeze passed through
My burning heart.

I cry for your separation.
The words come from God.
“Since you bought a Joseph,
Why did you sell him
In the auction?”

If they give both worlds,
It won't do any good
To my heart.
How big you created
This heart
That wails with
Your love.

Although you mentioned thorn,
But blossomed
A thousand roses,
You said bitter words,
But made us attain
Our wishes.

O Shams of Tebriz,
What do you have

**In the world of Soul that
You made this store of world
So scarce and so dull?**



33.

Verse 306

My Beauty came with
Joy and happiness.
I attain the desire of my heart
At the world of despair.

Since He came inside,
You may ask,
“Has He ever gone out?”
“Come and go”
Are all relative terms.

Don't ask me,
“How did that happen?”
He came from
The land of Absence.
Tell me,
“How are you?”
You also came
From the land of Absence.

How could “Quality” and “Quantity”
Exist in Absence?
How could you find footprints
If there are no feet?
You are a good person.
Remember the first step.

I like ecstasy.
I start laughing like a rose

**With all of my body.
Since you opened such a door,
I get ready with pleasure.**



34.

Verse 311

○ fairy who walks at night,
You are concealed from people.
I vow for God, tell me,
“Who ever has seen a candle like that
In any house?”

Neither does it extinguish by winds
Nor does its light decrease,
Never dries or gets old in time.

Especially, O great sky,
Everywhere is beautiful because of you.
Have lots of passengers during
Your long journey.

You'd better say the reason.
If you don't, I vow to God
I'll tell the secret.
Why did you pull the stars
To the Milky Way?

I asked a secret from Nesr-i Tair:³¹
Did you fly over the green places
Where angels fly?

After he sighed deeply, he said,
“There is such a strong lock on this,
Only God's grace could open.”

When I heard his cry,
I turned to love.
“Since he didn’t have a passion,
Why did you hurt his heart?”

Love answered me,
“Don’t believe either of us.
You have treasure inside.
How come you fell in his deceit?”

When I heard that, I said,
“Whom should I believe?
You or Him?
Because,” I said,
“This is such a place that
Thousands of cuha³²
Could only be students.”

O Love, you are like
Thousands of Bairam days.
Make lovers, these soul guests,
Happy, joyful, and sweet.

If you are happy, joyful, and fair,
Be silent,
Because you tell so openly that
You look like the soul of Bayazid.³³



35.

Verse 322

My Beauty reproaches me and says,
“Why did you fall down in the
Middle of the road, and stay there?”

O my Beauty,
I fell down in such a way that
I won't get up,
Even on the Day of Resurrection,
Because of the wine
You served from that jar.

I fell down flat, but I remember that
You are the one who held my head
And put it on Your lap.

O my Beauty,
Your eyes are the cupbearer of love's wine.
Serve me glass after glass.
Aren't You a great Master?

This is also Your favor.
You offered wine,
Took my mind out of my head.
If I had kept my mind,
My head would be split open by joy.

When You offer a glass, I clap my hands.
I am saved from the worry of
Not attaining a thousand wishes.

I vow for Your beautiful eyes that
Joy was born from them.
You are a Soul that has
No beginning of beginning.
You were not born from anyone.



36.

Verse 329

How terrible a day
Was the day
Beloved left my home.
He left, leaving my whole body
And heart
In the fire.

How wonderful a day
Was that day
Happiness looked at us.
Star of Suheyl³⁴
Came down to earth
And sat next to me.

Sources of my heart
Are all opened.
I have seen thousands of seas.
Boats were swimming
With love.

I have been submerged into a sea of
Abundance by His favors.
There I was drowned,
Yet Beloved's eyes
Keep me alive.

Gleams of Shamseddin
Are reflected on me.
He is my real master.

He is the Essence of the essence
Of my Soul.
The rest of them
Are nothing.



37.

Verse 334

Every breath,
You send me a new desire.
How nice it is to be patient.
What can I do?
You don't allow me
Anything else.

Why does he make me run?
God only knows.
What do you know, O Heart?
You don't carry any weight here.

Watch the Sultan's hunting.
The lions became prey for Him.
Where can you escape?
You are very thin, lean game.

You cannot run
From Him.
You can only run
To Him.
You are in the dust and dirt.
That's why you are
Mistaken.

If you are not aware of the Sultan
Who is constantly hunting,
Watch and see in every breath,
Because you are also a hesitant prey.

He kept everyone
On the run
By scaring them.
If He couldn't grab
And cover them,
How could He frighten them?

Fear comes from others.
Human is not afraid by himself.
Since you see everyone is frightened,
That means the
Creator is different
Than the ones
Who are afraid.

He makes us to the death,
To the salvation.
O my Soul,
There is no one
But Him to fall in love with.

I will show you how to fall in love,
If my heart wants to do so,
Since I gave my heart to Him,
Ask help from Him.



38.

Verse 343

There is a recent news.
Haven't you heard?
The envious one's heart
Is filled by blood.
Haven't you had a lung?

There is a moon,
Shows his face,
Opens his wings
Made by light.
If you don't have heart and eyes,
Go and borrow them
From someone else.

Arrows keep coming day and night
From a secret bow.
What can you do?
Since you don't have a shield,
Make your soul
Target for arrows.

Like Moses,
Your existence's copper
Becomes gold
By His chemistry.
Why do you worry?
Even if you don't have
A sack full of gold,

There is an Egypt inside of you.
You are the sugar cane field there.
You don't care
If they don't give you sugar
Outside.

You become the slave
Of form and appearances
Like the idol worshipper.
What kind of Joseph are you?
You don't look
At the inside.

I vow God that
If you see your own face on the mirror,
You will become idol to yourself,
And don't bother others.

You call him "Moon."
This is injustice.
What face does he have that
You name him "Moon"?
Don't you have eyes?

Your head resembles
A candle that has six wicks.
If you don't have sparks,
How come six of them are bright?

Your body is like a camel,
Carries you to heart's hadj.
Being a donkey stopped you
From going to Hadj,

Because you didn't have a donkey.

Even if you don't go to Ka'ba,
Your good fortune
Would drag you there.
O garrulous one, don't run.
There is no way
To escape from God.



39.

Verse 354

O, the breath of spring breeze,
O, springtime,
I understand from the flowers that
You are also drunk from Him.

Open and look:
I am opened also.
Say, and I also said,
About pureness, cleanliness
And friendship,
Also the face of
A beautiful Sultan.

Now, the evidence
Which is beyond the illusion
Will be drawn toward the Sun.
That is also burned by one spark.
His flame gets bigger in time.

The spring frightens him.
When someone becomes mortal,
His breath will be counted.

The garden and meadow
Set ambushes all over.
Everywhere is covered by green.
Rose and tulip are inviting,
Wine glasses in their hand.

Rose and tulip resemble traps.
One who watches them
Is the prey.
The flowers are like
Ambushes.
All the fruits are like
Game to be hunted.

The iris with two bright eyes
Said to the tulip,
"Earth is not the earth anymore.
Thorn is not thorn."

O meadow, what is your color?
You are drunk with the wine
Of His kindness.
This excuse is enough for Sultan.
You are beautiful.

The tulip's cheek is flame by flame.
The narcissus didn't miss that.
"Don't look at beauties insolently.
Don't watch them with evil eyes."

When the wind makes
Branches cheerful,
The smell of Tatar's³⁵ musk
Breezes around the valley.

Garden and orchard are
Laughing and dancing.
"After the hardship," they say,
"God's grace opened joy

And happiness.”

All the branches of the trees
Are dancing
Like new brides,
Henna in their hands,
Every part of their bodies
Is laughing.

They are all like Mary,
Pregnant by the breath of Angel.
They resemble Houris.

Earth turned into a paradise.
Beauties are dancing day and night,
Swaying their heads and arms,
Tapping the floor with their feet.

The cloud says to the spring,
“Whatever I poured and
Scattered in winter,
All were for you.
You deserve them.”

My heart watches the spring.
This is the Resurrection.
The things you saw all year long,
Good or bad, they come back.

Spring answers,
“O Soul, accept each breath as a seed.
Sow them.
They will come back to you as a tree.”

The secrets come
To open in spring.
Why do you hide them?
You are also in the middle
And in the open.



4 O.

Verse 372

Come to our garden.
Watch the spring there.
Come close to the Beloved.
See what kind of beauty He is?

If you can't reach the falcon,
Run after its shadow.
Watch the hunting at
The secret hunting place.

Come to the shore.
Watch the waves like mountains high and
Try to catch the pearls that
Deserve the sultans.

If you have to be hunted,
Be prey to Sultan's leather strap.
If you will be naked,
Lose your shirt in this gambling.

Pull yourself limping,
Stumbling from your body
To the land of Soul,
Then watch orange blossoms,
Sweet basil, and roses.

O the harp players of Heaven,
Hit the strings to make our Venus dance.
You would receive silver

And garments as gifts.

If kissing is impossible, maybe
Hugging is possible
Among the charming beauties,
Those enlightened during sema.

This wine deserves the
Discomfort of hangover.
Tell this fair deal
To this restless heart.

Yells and screams are coming
From the jar.
“I am burned from
The heat of this wine.
O glass, come close to me.
I will fill you with wine.”

It is a gift to cry after
Shirin and Husrev.³⁶
At least, give your heart and soul to
One who gives life to the soul.

One day, I stopped at love's store.
My heart gave up the store,
Gave up the whole business.

I am far from the situation that
I can get help from others.
You are the one who could find remedy.
I gave my heart and soul to the wind.
You watch over me.

**It is enough. I remain silent.
Sultan will tell the rest.
Come O player of meaning,
You tell at least a poem.**



4 1.

Verse 385

It is dawn now.
Wake up, O Cupbearer,
Do whatever comes from inside.
Open the top of the jar.
Offer that fiery wine.

What would happen
If two or three dead came to life
Because of Jesus?
What would happen
If you made a few drunks nice,
Beautiful, and lion hunters?

When your glass starts turning
Like the sun,
It would free the world
From the darkest evening,
Free, as well as count those evenings.

The rose of truth blooms
From your agate-color wine.
You are the life for the bird,
Spring for the garden.

We would give our lives
To be the wine that deserves sultans,
Because, O Beloved, You are the One
Who scratches
The head of the drunk

With the hand of kindness.

We are afflicted with the migraine,
By intricate thoughts.
You give the potion of cure,
Open our vessels.

This is an undeniable truth for us.
You are absolute fire.
You boil a thousand saucepans of brains,
In just one heat.

All players are exalted and excited
Because of You.
They sold all their belongings.
You squeeze them nicely.



42.

Verse 393

Ask this hesitant heart,
“Why can’t you stay in one place?
Why don’t you start
Your journey to your home?”

Everybody wakes up
By the nice breath of the dawn.
What kind of beauty are you that
You don’t have daybreak?

What kind of rose garden are you?
Even one rose hasn’t grown on you.
What kind of garden are you that
You don’t even have one tree?

You are knocked down.
You are so much drunk that
Neither do you talk about the father
Nor the desire of a son.

You resemble the sun but you walk alone.
You travel at night like the moon.
You have no friend. You are alone.

You resemble a bird in the palace
When you want to fly.
Never mind the door.
Fly through the window.

If you are trapped in a place,
That place has no door and no window.
Be like sweat. Get out of the body
Because there is no way out.

You have such beautiful curly hair.
Who cares if you don't have a hat?
You have a foot like a mountain.
Why worry if you don't have
The flank, waist, and belt?

Angels in the sky are thirsty.
They are all in love with you.
They come to tell
You are above the human
From that pampered beauty.

If you haven't seen that eye,
That glance,
How come your eye and
Your glance are so bright?
If you don't have that pearl,
How come your face is gleaming?

Tell that sour-faced,
"Take this sourness away."
If you drink that wine,
Why aren't you exalted and cheered?

If you are drunk inside,
But making a sour face to hide this,
Dive in the water.
Throw yourself to fire.

There is no danger for you.

God orders the sea to submit,
And to the fire, “Don’t burn.”



43. Terci-i Bend

Verse 406

Drink the wine
That turned into fire.
Come close to me.
Hold the glass in both hands so
You won't spill.

The glass, the wine,
Both are offered by God's hand.
Once you drink,
You'll become so drunk that
You'll be unable to sober
Even at Resurrection.

If you don't want,
I'll force you to drink.
How can you run away
From me?

His love's glass changed a
Hundred thousand obstinate like you.
Pick up the glass and watch.
To whom are you going to be stubborn?

Look at the beautiful-faced Sultan.
He is serving wine.
Look at his beautiful hair.
Musk is dripping there.

When the cupbearer is high,
He keeps serving wine.
When the player is in a trance,
He plays the mode of Hicaz.³⁷

You feel the warmth of youth
From God's wine,
But your own heat
Neither gives warmth nor talent.

Get one glass. See its clarity.
Watch its power.
I vow for God that
This wine is made by neither
Grape nor raisin.

I should quit adding
Word to words.
I should give up talking
Nonsense.
O One who talks much better,
You should talk.
You are unbelievable.

Make Terci like a new bride with
A trousseau,
Because the bride will
Be really mad at you
If you don't give her
A trousseau.



God caresses Absence with His gifts,
As well as Existence.
If your father doesn't have much,
Sultan prepares a trousseau for you.



O peerless Beauty,
How are You in this land?
O Friend of Glory,
How are You
In this drunkenness?

How do you spend your time
After the separation of that Sultan?
O rose of happiness,
How are you among the thorns?

Sun says,
"We are burning without You."
Garden, meadow, grass and flower
Are saying,
"O spring, how are you?"

You are the soul of the wedding
And the weddings of both worlds.
I am confused:
Why are you sad?

You are life for the soul.
Yet, how come you depend on forms?
Constancy of the soul is with you.
How come you are so hesitant?

Aren't you Joseph of this world?
I have a question for you:
How come you are in the well?
In the dungeon with your will?

Specially you, O great Sky,
Why do you dress blue?
Specially you, O great Sun,
How do you feel in that great turn?

Your father was expelled from Heaven
Because of two grains of wheat.
If you desire paradise,
How could you eat herise?³⁸

How long will you mix with sponges?
Come and gamble among gamblers.

You already talked too much,
Covered and hid
Your mistakes with words.
But now you are on God's test.
How do you feel with these
Writhes and tremblings?

If you have trouble,
Why do you stay in silence?
If you have eye and sight,
What are you waiting for?



Whatever you have
In your mind,
In your heart,
It reflects on your face.
Whatever the pitcher contains,
It will seep
Outside.



Once, run toward the door
Of the secret Beloved.
O poor birds, fly away from the
Trap of the present.

O beautiful face
And beautiful nature,
Pick up that flower
From the green, so
That you would feel better.

Tears are flowing
From our eyes
Because of your sorrow.
But I wish your wet eyes
Will be brighter by God's grace.

Your prey was destroyed
By the wolf of death,
But your gazelle of heart is
Grazing on the divine gardens
Of loftiness.

Although "I wouldn't expect" words
From the friends
Reached to the sky,
How are you in that sky
Of secrecy?

He escaped from the narrow trap
Of shape and forms,
Now, O good luck,
Save him from loneliness, troubles,
And separation.

Either young or old,
Since you must go from this world,
It is better to go swiftly,
Fall in love, exalted, and
Be love martyred.

I came to your call.
I left my country, arrived at your door.
For once, give me the key.

If the sun of my life has set at west,
Your kindness brought a new dawn
Beside this one.

If that star has faded from fortune,
I was born from the sun of secrecy.

My share from this world was a short life,
Yet my heart was worthy
For Your kindness and favor.



○ Cupbearer,
I am drunk day and night
With Your separation.
I can't find the rim
Of the glass.
Come.



4 4.

Verse 441

I have been crying and yelling
By your sorrow.
As long as you are happy,
I keep waiting, O Beautiful.
Just tell me you will be cheerful.

When you see me hurt,
You look at me pleased.
Yet, I struggle with sorrow
In my soul and heart
As long as you are cheerful.

When you see me happy,
Your heart feels a grudge.
Yet, I don't even scratch my head
As long as you are happy.

How happy are you to see me sad?
You are so talented for cruelty.
As long as you are happy,
I don't mind.
I don't even have a breath of joy
And happiness.

O Beauty,
You are thirsty for that slave's blood,
Like a sword or a dagger.
It doesn't matter
If I will bleed from my eyes

As long as you are happy.

I have a throne and a powerful position
Because of you.

I watched your heart all the time,
As long as you are happy.

You are the essence of this time,
Settled here with many excuses.
Yet, I withdraw myself to the shore
From the time,
As long as you are happy.

Heart and Soul won't be purified,
As long as body and self exist.
All my work in this world is
To reach this purity,
As long as you are happy.



45.

Verse 449

It is better to be at the door
Of the Beloved
Than among the cypresses, irises,
And beautiful roses.

You should laugh like a
Pomegranate in the garden,
A thousand times more than one
Who enjoys the life.

You shouldn't prick the hands and feet
Like the thorn on the road.
You should scatter sugar like
Sugar cane.

You should be shown by finger
Among the people as clean as the sun.

It is enough. Be silent so that the
Sultan of sultans starts talking.
If you are silent,
He starts talking.



46.

Verse 454

Drink a glass with love and blessing.
In fact, wine is asking,
“Where is the one whose lips and palate
Became bitter dry?”

What is life without him?
A crucifixion, a passing desire.
What is the value of soul in front of him?
A slave and servant,
An unimportant thing.

If you drink two glasses,
You become a lion hunter.
Our Sultan, our Lion, put a new idea
In your head.

How lucky is that heart that
Fortune has set his throne there.
How nice is that head that
He had our wine.

I vow God that, if a lucky one gets
A casual greeting from you,
He doesn't care about the sultan's
Compliment.

He has worn the mantle of drunkenness,
Sat at the soul's gambling house.
His name is not good among the people

But has a good reputation
In highest Heaven.

How lucky a moment is that,
Sultan pats him on the back and says,
“In such a choice trap,
You are our falcon.”

His beautiful bouquet wine
Doesn't make one noisy and aggressive.
One neither begs his friend
Nor tries to get even with his enemies.

People are in constant struggle,
Yet you are drunk on the floor.
Your heart is content.
Keep watching the people from the roof.

I have a question. I won't talk after.
How come the name of our heart and soul
Became melted gold in the crucible
Because of a raw, ordinary one?



47.

Verse 464

The heart has learned well that
You are the Soul of souls.
Open the door of your help.
You are a hundred pillars
Of this world.

This separation is out of control.
Cut its neck for the reprisal
Of lover's blood.
You are the sword of our time.

Your sun has reached
The sign of Aries
With good fortune.
Old world will regain the
Sparks of youth
Because of you.

Soul is filled by melodies.
What is spilling out of the cups?
Sounds of tambourine and berbad
Coming to ears.

This rose garden is full of nightingales
From the tumult of drunks' songs,
I cannot separate the glass
From the wine.

All the branches were broken.

Angels have glasses in their hands.
They become drunks
From the wine of sky.

Carry my soul greeting
To those sultans.
But, you won't be able to find
Anyone sober there,
Able to send their greeting back.

Even the mosquito has drunk wine,
Has lost his head and his beard
And destroyed Nimrud³⁹
With a strike of dagger.

If He gives such a power
To a mosquito,
What would He give
To the elephant?
What can I do?
Difficult to describe
The glass of Absence.

Ashab-i Kehf's dog
Became a lion hunter
Because of that wine
That penetrates the soul.
He does nothing but
Guard the caves of drunks.

If a dog becomes like that,
What would happen
To an aggressive lion?

Watch and see
How this beautiful wine
Affects him.

Tebriz became at the East
Since Shams of Tebriz
Was born there.
Lights and sparks
Come to the star of meaning
From him.



48.

Verse 476

Hey, night guard,
What kind of guard are you?
Thief stole all our belongings
Last night.

Slap cold water to your face.
Yell and scream.
Our gain became loss
Because of your sleep.

At night, the sleep of night watchers is
Like light and candle for robbers.
Why don't you put out their light?

Quit being lazy.
Start your journey at night
Like a star.
You are riding on the sky.
Why are you afraid of earth people?

Barks of two or three dogs
Can't stop the cavalries.
The dog and the ox in the barn
Can't get anything
From the vicious lion.

What could a dog of anger and
An ox in the barn,
And the taste of ox

Do to the lion that
Breaks cavalry lines
At the forest of truth?

Haven't you been two drops of water?
Haven't you been a ship
Lost among the waves of the Flood?
Haven't you become Noah in the Ark?

What harm can come to you
On the journey
As long as God is your Protector?
Your hat touches to the sky,
Because you are the head
For all heads.

What a nice road is your road,
As long as God is your company.
He changes pure hell to
Immortal paradise.

Don't think what gift should I take
Him for remembrance.
For sun and moon,
The gifts are their faces.

Be silent, O Heart.
But what's the use?
Even if you close the top of the jar,
When these senses and meaning
Become exuberant,
They will split the heart of the jar.

If you knew how
He roams around
That land of truth,
You would read this poem
Two thousand times
In each breath.



49.

Verse 488

Who are you that
You are above the world in my heart?
You are the epigram of the world.
I wonder what witty point you like.

Who are you? Who am I?
What is your name?
What is my name?
What kind of seed are you?
What kind of snare am I?
But you are neither this nor that.

You have a pen in your hand.
The world is like a painting
In front of you.
You draw and fill this side,
Erase and scrape that side.

When you put down the pencil,
You give him such a shape that
Even the words, "You'll never see Me,"
Illuminate everywhere.

Body is after the soul, keeps running.
But he can't be soul
By chasing him.

World and language are the result
Of God's favor.

Story by spoken words
Can't match this flame.

Although rose, thorn,
Garden and meadow
Are the work of the heart,
This piece of plant
Can't have the beauty of sky.

Put such a fire that
It burns all the track.
When you lose the track,
You will reach the real track.

My Beloved has left, and also my Soul.
Both of them are at the land of Absence.
In order to get close to "Presence,"
They are hiding behind the
Curtain of mind.

Air in that city is like spring's air.
Hearts are rejuvenated by that air.
He covers gardens and everywhere
With that air.



50.

Verse 498

You are the Sultan of cupbearers.
Keep serving wine.
You are not from those people.
You are from the Sky.

Two thousand wine jars
Are not a match
For one sip of Your wine.
How can you compare earth's wine
With Soul wine?

The wine and appetizers
Of this world are temporary,
But God's wine and God's cup are
Immortal like God.

Heart, soul and hundreds
Like heart and soul
Will be sacrificed to that
Charmer and Beauty.
How can You be compared
To earthly things?
Only Your shape resembles them.

Spread Your fire to
This world of inconstancy.
Split the heart of the sky
With that fire.

Carve new arms and wings to the soul.
You break them.
There must be some reason.
You are the only One who knows.

O my friend,
My words don't sound pleasant
To the sober.
Give me a couple of cups, then
Listen to me.

Whatever the drunk says,
Comes from the wine.
Wine is the only sail
For the ship of soul.

Help me, I am half drunk.
Give that glass to my hand.
Because of Your Glory,
I am saved from boredom
And laziness.

O the enemy of repentance,
Rip the caftan of remorse.
What could sorrow do
In front of you?
You are an unexpected accident.

You destroy every store,
Trouble and calamity for every house.
You pull kafdag⁴⁰ by his belt
Like a camel.

I wonder if I should
Tell those words that
Cannot be spoken.
You'd better say,
Because your words
Are sweeter and better.



51.

Verse 510

At the time of night prayer,
Everyone lit their candle,
Set their table.
Yet, I put Beloved's image
In front of me.
I yell and cry with sorrow.

Since I do my ablution with tears,
My namaz⁴¹ becomes fiery.
The sound of ezan⁴² burns
The door of my mescid.⁴³

I wonder,
Where did my Kible go that
My namaz is left to kaza⁴⁴
With the will of God?
Trials come constantly to me, to you.

I wonder if the namaz of drunks
Is acceptable.
You tell me.
The drunk is not aware of either
Time or space.

I wonder if this is the second rekat⁴⁵
Or the eighth.
I wonder, what sura⁴⁶ did I recite?
In fact, I didn't have any words.

How can I knock at God's door?
I have neither hand nor heart.
O my God,
You are the One
Who took the hand and heart.
At last, give me Your mercy.

I vow God that
I do namaz,
But after last ruku.⁴⁷
I wouldn't even know
Who was imam.⁴⁸

Don't look for ruku and kiyam⁴⁹
In the shadow.
Don't ask reason nor life
From shadow.

Shadow is exempt from questioning,
Because someone else's soul moves him.
Shadow claps his hands and asks,
"Who would know the shadow?"

Sultan is the owner of my shadow.
If He walks, I walk.
If He sits next to a store, I also sit.

Since I don't have anything left,
I started to talk about the shadow.
What comes out from shadow's mouth,
Fits only one mouth.

O Brother, you talk
About water and fire
Like a fairy.
But don't stop talking.
Whatever is inside of the jar
Seeps to the outside.
Isn't that true or false?



52.

Verse 522

God has chosen him.
While he is talking, He faces him.
When he sits, He is next to him.
How can I turn my back
To such a person?

Don't both sides of the world
Turn to kible?
Doesn't copper become gold with
Secret chemistry?

Everyone is running toward God,
Begging, "Give Your compassion.
Save us from the greed of
Gain and profit."

While in deep sleep,
Earth has been sown seeds
From the sky, and
Earth obtains plants from the sky.
Barren land becomes different.

Those great seeds give beauty
And charm to the world.
Sky gives back all he has taken in winter,
Shows the earth how trustworthy he is.

O Divine life, stay away from copper.
Fly toward heavenly sky.

Because You are the greatest love.

The beauties came to invite the soul.
They say, "Instead of gathering
These leftover gold chips,
Come to the gold mine."

I vow God that
Your face is more beautiful than the moon.
I vow God that
You have an angel's disposition.
I vow God that you smell like musk.
I vow God that you are as you are.

While you are Joseph of the time,
Why are you among Indians?
Go ask a mirror. Look at your face.

You resemble the sky in purity.
In the lightness you are like soul.
You are like paradise in clarity.
You are like a fetus in the womb
For stealth.

You have wealth from the treasure.
Your faith has been good
From the beginning.
You are sugar cane but as tall as a tree.
You are full faith in insistence.

I turned into the candle
Because of the air of Sultan's seal.
Take me to his seal and love candle.

You have that chosen ring.⁵⁰

Be silent. The taste of the bowl is
From its content.
If that weren't the case,
China bowl would be worth less than dirt.



53.

Verse 535

Don't look at every poor man.
You are our special man.
Don't sell yourself cheap.
You are very valuable.

Split the sea with a staff.
You are the Moses of our time.
Rip the moon's caftan.
You are from Mustafa's light.

You are a Joseph in the beauty.
Break the jar of the beautiful.
Use your breath like Jesus.
You are also from the same air.

Stay on the line all by yourself.
You are Isfendiyar⁵¹ of our time.
This is the door of Hayber.⁵²
Break it. You are Murtaza Ali.

You are Solomon in soul.
Get the ring back from Satan.
For thought and decision,
You are like the sun.
Defeat the army of stars.

You are pure and attract the hearts.
Get into the fire like Abraham.
You are the essence of immortality.

Drink from Ab-i hayat like Hizir.

Leave alone useless people.
Don't pay attention
To the deceits of ogres.
Because you are from
A noble family,
You are from high places.

Your soul is immortal.
Your inner world
Is most beautiful.
You belong to God.
You are from God's light.

You haven't manifested yet.
What have you seen from Beauty?
But, one early morning,
You will rise like a sun
From your inside.

Pity, pity.
You are so much concealed,
Like a moon behind the clouds.
You have such a beautiful face.
Get out from the clouds.
Scatter them.

There is no garnet like you,
Even in the ruby mine.
There is no soul like yours in the world,
Because this is the world of decadence.
Yet, you add Soul to souls.

You resemble Zul-fekar.⁵³
Your body is in a wooden sheath.
Why should your heart be hurt
If this sheath is broken?

You are a falcon.
Its feet are tied.
Your body is the hoop
In your feet.
You should remove it
With your paw.

It is so nice to throw
The pure gold to fire
Because fire has the power
To show the purity of the gold.

O Brother,
Don't be scared
Of the flame of fire.
In order to be toasted,
Jump into the fire.

I vow God that
It doesn't burn you.
Your face shines like gold.
You are Abraham's son.
You have been familiar
For a long time.

You are a great tree.
Lift your head from the ground.
Reach kafdag. You are phoenix.

You are a tempered sword.
Get out from the body's sheath.
Don't get stuck
At the shaft of the mine.
You are valid money.

You are sugar. Scatter sugar.
You are sugar, real sweet sugar.
Play the king's ney.
Have a beautiful voice.⁵⁴



54.

Verse 554

You have a divine disposition.
You show the gleam of Mount Sinai
From the heart.

You have the quality of a candle.
When you come home at night,
The house brightens up.

You have the temper of wine.
If you come to the gathering,
Your beautiful face instigates
Lots of troubles.

When the joy and pleasure
Scare and run,
When desire and longing
Are broken down,
You become a water carrier,
Carry favors to the earth.
Pasture becomes green
And roses bloom.

If the world will be frozen,
Joy dies and disappears.
You pull so many worlds besides this
From the world of secrecy.

This throbbing, this wish are from you
Among hesitants.

Otherwise, how could you be part of
This black mud with your purity?

The sky kept turning around the earth
Day and night.
O Sky, aren't you a mine of light?
What do you want from us?

You shed tears one moment,
Next you sift earth.
You are not the one
Who searches for pieces and chips.
You are the essence of chemistry.

Even so, why do you sift earth
Day and night?
Why do you worship the earth?
Aren't you the kible of prayers?

It is not surprising if the poor expect
Favor from the sultan.
It is confusing when the sultan
Begs from the poor.

Even more amazing,
After listening to all entreating
Of that moon,
The poor believed that he was sultan.

O Sky, aren't you the Sultan?
Isn't earth your slave, your servant?
Why have you been turning around
To serve him?

The sky answered me,
One doesn't keep whirling
For nothing.
If a piece of straw flies,
It is because of the ambergris.⁵⁵

Angel is the one
Who could understand me.
If I remain in silence, Angel worries.
"Say something," Angel says.
"Why are you in silence?"

You are not an angel. You don't know
What meal angels eat.
You are only friend of leek.
What can you do with manna?

How can you eat the meal that
Cooked at the kitchen of
Mind and thought?
God protects this kitchen
Day and night.

Say, "Shams of Tebriz,
Turn your face to us."
No, I did say wrong.
Say, "O Shams,
You don't have a back.
Every side of you is face."



5 5.

Verse 571

○ Beautiful, how can I say?
I don't know.
You are the light of our soul.
How could soul stand
When you show your light?

O my soul, you are such a stately bird that
Crows and ravens become stately birds
Under your shadow.

Your mercy offers forgiveness to
All the guilty around the world.
You are the help of every trouble.
You open every knot.

You are such a pearl that
Thousands of seas disappear in you.
Your majesty is like an endless ocean.

When I meet you,
I cry, saying,
“How unfaithful a friend are you?”
When I am separated, I wail, saying,
“How faithful a Beloved were you?”

What would happen
When I meet that moon?
Only God knows,
Because you gave joy and pleasure

Even at the time of separation.

If heart becomes insane,
He has reason.

You were his mind and you are gone.

When you open your face,
That face is the Face.

Beg an apology from Him.



56.

Verse 578

Ⓔoul's stork came.
Announced the arrival of spring.
Where are you?
The whole world dressed.
Trees grew leaves and roses blossomed.

Come and see the faces of Josephs.
They all came out of the veils.
Watch the rose cheeks.
They are showing up.

The fruits of the heart were fallen
And buried in the ground.
When they opened their eyes,
They saw they were free from
The troubles of winter.

Grasses and green break
The door of the dungeon.
Rose and tulip are smiling
Because of the gifts they received.

All mature Marys became
Pregnant as virgins.
All sages gave their hearts,
Turned their faces to God's majesty.

They say,
"If you belong to us like

The flower around the garden,
You also get your share
Like drunks by mouth.”

Every one of them is like a cat,
Carries his baby by his mouth.
They take them to
The mother of the rose garden.
How come you don't see them?

See the bird with beautiful wings?
He ascends to the pulpit like an imam
Praising God.
What a nice melody he has.



57.

Verse 586

O heart who has fallen asleep,
You are under our shadow.
You are on namaz day and night.

Full moon scatters light.
Village dog keeps barking.
O moon, don't give up
Sending your light
Because of that dog.

The one who grew with the bread
Always asks for bread.
One has to have a heart like the sea
That even the pearl looks like
A poor beggar for him.

If you didn't like the wine
You drank at early dawn,
Drink such a wine that
Its fire will save you from yourself.

I vow God that it is such a wine that
Its fire raises the body
To the glory of Heaven,
Saves him from death.

Take it. Drink. Don't be obstinate.
Give up this broken, worn-out life.
There is a beautiful life

After the land of
“Adding Soul to souls.”

I should quit talking.
It is impossible to describe
The beauty of Joseph
To the blind.



58.

Verse 593



Beautiful,
You are so light and delicate that
You can enter to our soul.
O Beautiful, I vow to Your kindness,
You are one of us.

You have a clean world.
Your home is not at earth.
It would be nice if
You visit us sometime.

You are supreme and delicate.
No one has seen Your trace.
You are concealed
Even from the most secret.
If You come to our secret town,
This place shines and glitters.

O Solomon,
You know all the birds' languages.
If You speak our language,
You give such a taste to the lips.

You are the only Sultan
In this world.
No one could stretch
The string of Your bow.
If You come close to our bow,
I will fly like an arrow.

O Shams of Tebriz,
You are God's chemistry.
If you come to our mine,
All the copper turns into gold.



59.

Verse 599

You are such a beauty
Inside of our Soul,
Adding Soul to our souls.
What are You showing to the soul?
Why are You so sweet?

When You find Your way to the heart,
You glitter like a thousand moons.
You are neither fire, nor water.
Why are You so sweet?

Sorrow of Your love
Conquered many forts
With only an army of light by feet.
Why are You so sweet?

Most glorious Chinese sultan
Defeated the dark-skin ones,
Tied their hands.
Why are You so sweet?

You are the candle of Mount Sinai.
You are thousands of seas,
A thousand skies.
I wish the Soul would see no one,
But You.

You came from plurality.
You can't be compared

With those bloody, drunk eyes.
How come You are so sweet?

When Your image comes to my heart,
The fire spreads that place.
Two worlds collide each other.
How come You are so sweet?

What do You have on Your cheeks that
They captured thousands of restless
Lovers' minds and constancy?
Why are You so beautiful?

Your beautiful smile
Enslaved everyone.
Your breath brings
The dead back to life.
Why are You so beautiful?

You have God's beauty.
When a drop of Your sweat
Drops to the sea,
The sea becomes turbulent
With a thousand waves.
Why are You so sweet?

Your divided hair
Is a circle on my neck.
My joy and pleasure
Come from Your wine.
Watch and see how happy I am.
Why are You so sweet?

The jasmine disappeared
Because of Your rose.
All the orders were destroyed.
I becamed annihilated and
So were a hundred like me.
Why are You so sweet?



60. Terci-i Bend

Verse 611

You go. I will stay here.
Who will leave behind
Such a beautiful friend, Beloved?
Who would go away?

You go, your hands, your feet,
They used to work,
Struggle in order to get something.
His love left neither hand nor foot on me.

You use your mind to know
And value everything.
For me, a moon-faced charmer,
The most valuable one,
Took my mind and thoughts away.

Love and rapture are big sins for people.
Go to them, and all you see
Are blames and troubles.

It is worth it to commit these sins,
For a moon-faced like you.
If the mind makes this kind of mistake,
It is actually doing the most
Proper thing.

It is not one's own choice

To fall in love with beautiful faces,
And get in trouble, suffering.
Who would voluntarily inflict on himself
An incurable disease?

Since the eyes of the world
Saw the light of your beauty,
Even God has another country.
Who will go there?

Come, O friend,
Pass through the curtain of the sky's dome.
Since you don't have anything
To do with wheat,
Why do you stay at the mill?

Isn't it that your grandfather
Came to this world
Because of the wheat?
It's only natural that the heart
Who follows the tune of "self"
Will be separated from the mind.

The sediment that settled
At the bottom of the jar,
When it is shaken,
Goes to the top.

We should rush like a torrent,
Toward the pure clean ocean.
The sea is so nice to one
Who knows how to swim.

Your ancestor must come from fish.
That's why you are directed to the sea.
You can't be comfortable
In the pool or river.

The pool's water is temporary.
It is added later.
Also, the water in the river
Comes from somewhere else.
O mind, O intelligence,
Don't expect much from
The temporary.



The statement didn't come through.
Say the Terci verse.
Talk about love's fruits.
Show the stairs.



O fragment,
I wish you had an ear to hear love's wails.
Your soul would become so exuberant.

I was wrong saying you
Wouldn't wear blue mourning dresses,
If you haven't met him,
If you haven't fallen into the
Sorrow of separation.

If you received a shine

From the news of the Beloved,
You would remove the rust from
Your heart in one breath.

O, Moon, you wouldn't lose
The hat of greatness
If your heart didn't get involved
With the fight of superiority
And greed.

But, even then,
If the grace of love
Didn't cover your hair,
The knot of captivity
Wouldn't be untied in your heart.

If anxiety and joy
Are not the two dangerous turns
Of this road,
How could your body wear out,
And later become a full moon again?

If fate and destiny
Haven't sealed your heart,
How could you miss the trap,
And see the grain?

If He hasn't set an ambush
On every road,
Who would be praised for
Patience and prudence?

If that Sultan didn't give
A relief for each sorrow,
Everything would turn
Into swords and arrows.
Shields and armor
Would never have existed.



If an enlightened soul
Hasn't received God's dispositions,
He would neither have facility,
Nor the purity.
Kindness and generosity
Would never exist.

If Absence were not subjugated
By the majesty of this order,
No existence would ever have appeared
From the land of despair.

His beauty is far from evil eyes.
He is far above the reach of the envious.

Tell me, why should the moon worry
About being wounded by an arrow?
What does the malevolent black heart
Expect from Ahmet's secrets?

Say a terci-i verse for its divine Beauty.
Say a nice one.
Such a river shouldn't stay without water.



Green, springtime, music,
Joy and drunkenness,
Here is the charming,
Beautiful Beloved.
There is a glass right here.
We reach for it and drink.
This is the time for roses and tulips.
Greeneries spread around
Their green garments.

Come to the assembly of roses.
You are also a wine worshipper.

The cypress and iris acquired
Hundreds of tongues to praise God.
The jasmine started his journey
From the land of Absence.
What are you waiting for?

The rose sapling reprimanded
The nightingale.
"Go away," it said.
"You broke the branch."

The nightingale answered,
"O cruel one, neither the sick
Nor the physician,
Neither the pharmacist
Nor the pharmacy remained,
Because of your temper."

The red rose,
After asking his health of saffron,

"Why is your face so pale?
You are all over the place.
Are you drunk?"

"I have been branded by love.
That's why I am withered,"
Said the rose, and added,
"Have you heard the sorrow?
Have you tried it?"

The grass said to the plain tree,
"Why did you grow so big?"
The answer came, "I was so low
Down in the earth.
That's why I grew."

The bud asked the flower,
"Why are my eyes closed?"
The flower answered with a smile,
"Throw this hat off your head,
Then you'll be free."

"O beauties of the rose garden,
Where have you been these six months?"
"We were in Absence.
Ah, existence came from God suddenly."

You also walk from Absence,
Reach into the spring of this world.
Join the sultans.
You are also exalted after hearing
The word of Elest.

At that time, the violet
Wanted to talk
With the Juda tree.
The Juda tree said,
“For the sake of your head,
I am a little drunk,”
And bit his lip.

When the violet saw his drunkenness,
He embraced him and said,
“In fact, you jumped out
From these arms.”

See the generosity from the sea
And remain silent like a fish.
Let the catch of hearts go free.
You are also outside the net.



Night has passed. It is dawn now.
You haven't slept.
You didn't eat or drink anything.
Go and rest.
You are not by yourself.



61.

Verse 652

The Beloved pulled my ear and said,
"You are ours tonight."
Yes, O Beautiful,
But appear to me.
Where are you?

If you leave the excuses and
Show me the road toward your house,
I would come walking on my head,
Dragging my eyes on the ground,
Because you are
The essence of chemistry.

If you don't show your home,
And start your old deceits,
You will steal the stars
From the sky, and
Snatch the hat
From the mind's head.

My evening is the trace of your hair,
My dawn is a light from your face.
If you lift the veil from your face,
The moon would drop from the sky.

O Beautiful, you are a lion.
I am your prey like a gazelle,
Who has ever seen a prey
Who is afraid to be released?

O Beautiful, come join us.
You have our consent
Because I have heard from
The sea and mine,
You are the source
Of forgiveness.

All these evil consequences I suffer
Are from you.
I cry because of you.
Reduce his prominence.
You are the essence of greatness,
Of God,
But don't separate
Me from you.

My God, Moon and Sun
Became friends to us
With the hope of reaching You,
Such a nice hope to knock
On God's door.

One gave all his belongings
And opened his purse,
Expecting your favor,
Because you are the
Essence of devotion.

They all destroyed
Their homes and stores.
They quit eating, drinking, and sleeping.
They sat and waited for you
To appear from somewhere.

What's the importance of
One person's hope?
You are the hope
Of the whole world.
Why should one ask wine?
You are the wine
Of kindness and favor.

Joseph is inside of you.
Why do you go to Egypt?
Lift the veil.
See how beautiful your face is?

Music is inside of you.
Why do you give credit
To the musician?
The body is as valuable
As the ney.
Your soul is better
Than the ney player.



62.

Verse 665

O lovers, good news for you!
The separation has ended.
The time for Union has come.
Now there is only God and
His Divinity.

Favors after favors are coming.
Thousands of Bairams are here.
Both worlds are becoming a disciple.
Where are you?

You plant the sugar of devotion,
Scratch the head of the soul.
Feel shame from the people of today,
And ascend the nine levels of the sky.

His Grace and Kindness
Pull you toward Him.
You will attain the desire of your heart.
Neither this one's nor the other's
Troubles remain.
You stay on the stage of purity.

Especially, O real lovers,
Make peace with each other,
Then start your journey.
An exuberant blessing is boiling
Inside of the loyal Friend.

Your halting place was earth.
There started a journey, secretly.
At the end, you reached
A level of humanity.
You became man,
But don't stay here permanently.

You are a passenger.
Go, ascend to the sky.
Why are you stranded
In this dilapidated place?
God helps you.

Look at the thing you call, "Heart."
He sends a drop of blood
Around the world
In just one breath,
Neither by walking nor flying.

Quit talking. Don't you have feet?
If you are such a great man,
Why are you captive in this small place?



63.

Verse 674

You are not considering
To praise and love Yourself.
But You are so beautiful
And so charming.
If You show Yourself,
Both worlds fight each other.

You are the wine.
We are the jar.
You are the water.
We are the riverbed.
You have no place, no home, but
Wherever we turn,
You are there.

How could the heart be able
To become Your slave, Your servant?
How could the eye be able to see You?
How could the words manage
To get out of the mouth
And ask, "Where are You?"

What did You say to the heart's ear
So that it started laughing
And became untidy?
What did You give the cane's mouth
So that it started chewing sugar?

What exuberance did You give the wine?

What kind of taste
Did You give to honey?
What kind of thought
Did You give the mind
So that it started contemplating
Such great ideas?

The earth has been adorned by designs
Because of You.
All the creatures' hearts
Change from one state
To another because of You.
Unpleasant becomes pleasant
Because of You.
You increase or decrease
The pleasantness.

The joy became more cheerful with You.
The amazing became more
Astounding with You.
Kindness and favors gave more taste
To the lips and mouth with You.
You are magnificent and
Keep giving gifts all around.

You are the One who
Looks for the wounded
And tired hearts.
You console and comfort them
From the occurrences.
You say a word of trouble, but
This becomes a cure for him.

The cloud cries
Because of You.
Lightning smiles
Because of You.
Many other things happen
Because of You.
You are the source of
Devotion.



64.

Verse 682

*L*ook at my business,
My occupation.
I have none.
Don't call anyone.
I don't have anybody
But You.

What would You lose
From Your tavern
If You served me
The wine of Union and
Got rid of the dizziness
From my head?

Since I don't deserve happiness
All by myself,
Don't leave me without troubles.
Confide in me.



NOTES

1. Burak: White horse of the Prophet. With Burak, he ascended to the sky.
2. Koran: Koran XCIV-XL, 44.
3. Koran: Koran XCVI, 1.
4. Famous saying of Mansur.
5. Salavat: To pronounce the formula calling God's benediction on the Prophet.
6. Hizir: An immortal being reputed to come to the rescue of those in distress.
7. Azer: In the Koran, he was mentioned with Abraham. He worshipped idols. Koran VI-74.
8. Kevser: River at Paradise.
9. Ramadan: Fasting month.
10. Mahsher: In Islam, the place where people will gather on the Day of Judgment.
11. Munker and Nekir: Two angels who come to the grave to question the dead.
12. Kadir's night: The 27th of Ramadan evening, the Koran was revealed.
13. Cumin seeds: Black cumin seeds, scattered to the fire to prevent evil eyes.
14. Malik: Doorkeeper of Hell.
15. Namaz: Muslim ritual of prayer.
16. Ebu-Bekir: A musician in the inner circle of Rumi who played rebab, a six-stringed violin.

17. Keykubad: Great Seljuk king.
18. Rafizi: Shii.
19. Beni-Kuafe: Ebu-Bekir, first caliph of Sunni Islam.
20. Ebu-Tarab: Nickname given to Ali by Prophet Mohammed.
21. Harici: Haricyye, a sect started in Ali's time, that doesn't believe Sahaba (companion of the Prophet); Harici is a member of the sect.
22. Kemence: Musical instrument.
23. Abbas-i Debs: Dean of beggars (a fictitious name)
24. Teberzed sugar: A very hard sugar made from sugar cane.
25. Kefaret: An act of atonement as laid down in Islamic law.
26. Berbad: A stringed instrument.
27. Iraq--Isfahan: Tunes from Near Eastern music.
28. Merv: City in Central Asia.
29. Kunnuha: City in Yemen.
30. Rafizi: Shii.
31. Nesr-i Tair: Constellation Aquila.
32. Cuha: Symbolic character, represents folk wisdom.
33. Bayazid: Bayazid Bistami was a great Sufi, d. 874.
34. Star of Suheyl: Star of Canopus.
35. Tatar: Mongol.
36. Shirin and Husrev: Persian love story.
37. Hicaz: A tune in Near Eastern music.
38. Herise: Meal made with wheat.

39. Nimrud: An impious Chaldean king.
40. Kafdag: Legendary mountain.
41. Namaz: Muslim ritual prayer.
42. Ezan: Call for prayer.
43. Mescid: Small mosque.
44. Kaza: Performing a religious duty that was omitted at the proper time.
45. Rekat: Prescribed posture.
46. Sura: Chapter of Koran.
47. Ruku: A bowing.
48. Imam: Leader of public praying.
49. Kiyam: Part of namaz performed while standing up.
50. In order to seal a document, they used hot beeswax, then sealed it. Most seals were on the surface of the ring.
51. Isfendiyar: Emperor, symbolizes Divine power in Persian mythology.
52. Hayber: Name of a fort and a war. Khalif Ali broke it.
53. Zul-fekar: Sword of Khaliph Ali.
54. The last two verses are not from Konya but from the Divan at Istanbul University.
55. Refers to the magnetic properties of amber.